Margate Hoy.

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NOW's the season for laughing and jolity
Crowding together, all nations and quality—
Margate, a hoi! as I merrily hollow tye—
All come on board as the breezes blow;
Swift as the arrow from bow flies to targer,
Or packet from dear little Dublin to Parkgate,
I'll waft you all safe from London to Margate,
And whistle a wind as we cheerily go.

CHORUS.

Now's the season for laughing and jolity,
Crowding together all stations and quality,
Margate, a hoi! as I merrily hollow tye,
All come aboard while the sea breezes blow.

Bucks who hunt fashion like quick scented mousers,
Leave town, it exhibits no sport for ye now, sirs,
So pull off your boots and put on your trowsers,
To join the gay throng where the sea breezes blow,
Pretty men milliners, fresh water sailors,
Smart 'prentices, aldermen, actors, and taylors,
Let me and Old Ocean a while be your jailors—
I'll sing as he rocks while you cheerily go.
Now's the season for laughing and jolity.